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A HOME WEEKLY

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No. 359.

"I WISH I KNEW!"

BY EREN E. REXFORD

"I wish I knew," I said, and thought that not a soul was listening to me.
"How willful maidens may be caught. If I were one, the men might woo me."
"I'd not torment them, no—not I! I know too well just how to pity
The lover who in vain must sigh for Love's sweet
Yes, I've learned of Kitty."
That night when Kitty by my side, upon the sofa
Close was sitting,
To plead for me once more I tried, in words
That seemed the most befitting.
"I wish I knew," she, answering, said, and looked
Into my face demurely.
"You should not woo, he wooed instead. You'd
Not torment your lovers, surely."
Of course I blushed to think she heard my wishes
After hidden knowledge—
But how to gain that little word, is something
They don't teach at college!

Winning Ways:

KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAIRY AT THE GATE.

"Methinks there is no lovelier sight on earth
Than gentle woman in her earlier years;
Before one cloud hath gathered o'er her mirth,
Ere her bright eyes grow dim with secret tears;
When life the semblance of a dream doth wear;
And earth is basking in a joyous smile;
When rich delight breathes in the golden air,
And boundless fancies may the heart beguile."
—WILLIS GAYLORD CLARE.

BROKEN lives are far more common things than broken hearts; they may be seen in every direction, if you will but turn those blue eyes of yours upon the world you live in. They are simply arrows that have missed their mark—streams that have failed at the fountain-head—fair and smiling gardens that have fallen into barrenness and decay—through whose fault, who can tell? They are lives which ought not to have been lived in vain—lives which ought not to have been full of beauty, of goodness, of holiness—lives which ought to have made and have left other lives better and happier by their example; and yet what a waste they are! And look at those who live them! See how gay, how frank, how winning most of them appear—see how gifted, how beautiful, how graceful they are—how lightly time, and care, and trouble seem to touch them; and yet, to them, how blank, how dreary, how purposeless everything but death must be! I do not ask the reason of these things. Only know that they are so. And of one such life I am about to write the story. You shall look upon it in its first glad spring—you shall watch it in its glowing summer—you shall gaze tenderly on its sad autumnal beauty, and sigh when its hollow winter winds begin to blow. It shall be a true story of a real person who has lived a "broken life"; and at its close, see if you can guess, dear reader, the riddle which so puzzles me. See if you can tell, any more than I can, why a heart so fond and warm should turn to marble—why hopes so pure should fade and die—why a nature so innocent should be forever spoiled—why a spirit so eager and buoyant should be content to fold its pinions and grovel on the earth till the end of earthly things. Recognize thoroughly that aimless, purposeless existence; read its innermost self of failure, of doubt, of self-reproach, and self-distrust. See all the struggle, and all the pain, the consciousness of defeat, and the hopelessness of triumph—the feeble attempt to rise, the desperate, headlong fall, and tell me, if you can, what it means! Ah, believe me, those who are so unfortunate as to make life a failure, are not to be harshly judged! We, who are happy, successful, and beloved, can afford to be merciful to them. And when the end comes, and the feet that have so stumbled over the world's rough paths are still, and the heart that has so suffered feels no more pain, and the eyes that have looked so wearily through the tears for light and hope are closed, may it not be possible that then some "city of refuge" will be opened to the poor bewildered soul, and the great secret of such utter failures be revealed, as the chastening discipline that led it gently there? I hope so; from my inmost heart, I hope so!

An author sat one day in his London lodgings, weary with the din and bustle that reigned in the street below; sick and tired of the "making of books," of which, in his case, at least, there certainly seemed to be "no end"; longing only, like the Psalmist of old, for "wings like a dove," that he might "fly away and be at rest," far from the petty cares and vexations that seem to cluster most thickly around a city home. In this mood he opened a guide-book that lay upon his writing-table, and turning over the leaves at random, chanced upon this passage; an extract from that prose-poet of all country scenery, whose very name in conjunction with that of his gifted wife is like a familiar strain of music to the ear—"William Howitt."

"On one side are open knolls and ascending woodlands, covered with majestic beeches, and the village children playing under them; on the other, the most rustic cottages, almost buried in the midst of their orchard trees, and thatched as Hampshire cottages only are, in such projecting abundance, such flowing lines. The beehives, in their rustic rows, the little crofts, all belong to a primitive country. As I advanced, heady hills stretched away on one hand, woods came down closely and thickly on the other, and a winding road, beneath the shade of large old trees, conducted me to one of the most retired and peaceful hamlets. It was Minstead. Herds of red deer rose from the fern, and went bounding away, and dashed in the depths of the woods; troops of those gray and long-tailed forest horses turned to gaze as I passed down the open glades, and the red squirrels in hundreds scampered away from the ground where they were feeding. Delighted with the true woodland



At first sight of the stranger, Mr. Oliver started visibly, changing color.

wildness and solemnity of beauty, I roved onward through the wildest woods that came in my way. A walking as from a dream, I saw far around me one deep shadow, one thick and continuous roof of boughs, and thousands of hoary boles, standing clothed, as it were, with the very spirit of silence."

The author closed the book, and Minstead, with its beech-trees, and green knolls, and red deer and squirrels, and gray forest ponies, rose up before his mental eye like a "city of refuge" in a barren and weary land. At thought of it, the petty, vexing troubles that had oppressed him, vanished into thin air, and starting up at that instant, lost, at the sight of unfinished "copy" and uncorrected "proofs," his courage should fail him, he went into his bed-room and began to pack his trunk. The next morning, about an hour before that emissary of evil to an author, the "printer's devil," could reasonably be expected at his own lodgings, he was safe in the mail-train for Southampton, rushing away at full speed from him, and from all the tasks and annoyances that follow in his wake. He left the train at one of the small Forest stations, and, securing an open carriage and a good-tempered-looking driver, set off in high spirits for Minstead. He had heard of a small inn there, whose quaint name, the "Trusty Servant," seemed to him to harmonize well with the surroundings described by Howitt; and when, at last, he caught sight of the veritable green knolls and beech-trees (minus the red deer and long-tailed ponies), he pleased himself with a picture of a happy week spent beneath the thatched roof of the inn—a week of close communion with Nature, in one of her loveliest haunts, among her simplest and most unsophisticated creatures.

But it generally happens that, if people set their hearts upon going to any particular place in the world, and make all their arrangements with a special reference to that place, some malicious spirit interferes suddenly and unexpectedly, and they find themselves located in quite a different direction. This first day in the New Forest was no exception to the ordinary rule. The "Trusty Servant," humble and out-of-the-way place as it seemed, was full, and the large inn at Stony Cross was in the same predicament. Night was fast closing in—the driver looked cross, the horse seemed tired—a fine rain began to fall, and the shivering author repented sorely of his hasty trip into a strange territory.

"I might at least have written beforehand to secure lodgings," he grumbled to himself, as they plodded along a dark and dreary forest road.

Suddenly a warm light shone out before them; the driver brightened up visibly, and turned toward him with a broad grin.
"The 'Bell Inn,' Brook, sir," he said, touching his hat. "I thought it were a mile further on, but he drew up with a great flourish before the door of an old-fashioned inn, standing back from the road, with a large garden on one side, and some very comfortable-looking stables on the other."

A stout, pleasant-faced landlady made her appearance in the passage; the hostler ran round from the stable, and in an incredibly short time horse and driver were resting comfortably from their journey, while the author sat by a cheerful fire in the best parlor, eating his toast, drinking his tea, and reading a London paper, some six weeks old, with much apparent zest. It was quiet, neat, and clean, and he determined to make it his headquarters during his explorations in the Forest. The arrangement was completed before he retired to rest. The next morning he slept late, breakfasted at one (much to the surprise of the round-faced country girl who waited on him), and after spending an hour or two over a book, set out for a long country walk.

It was a mild November afternoon. A gray and cloudy sky hung low above the trees that creaked and groaned with every gust of wind; a heavy mist changing now and then to angry gusts of rain in the air; the ground was wet and sullen, and the smoke from the

village chimneys floated suddenly toward the earth. It had been raining all the morning—it would probably rain all the night; and the raw blasts that swept from the east grew more piercing still as the evening closed in. Few would have cared to be out, either for business or pleasure, at such a time.

Yet the author strolled through the deserted streets of Brook, in spite of the wind, the rain, and the gloomy, overhanging sky. He did not seem to fear the storm; he did not face it, but lounged along with his hands in the pockets of his greatcoat, as if he had been strolling through Kensington Gardens on a fine summer's day. In fact, he was scarcely thinking of the weather at that moment. His mind was intent upon the perfect stillness that reigned around him; his spirit, so long vexed and annoyed with a thousand petty troubles brought by each succeeding day, rested gratefully even upon that scene of storm and gloom. He felt old, worn out, and inexpressibly weary, it is true—no sense of returning youth, and hope, and joy, came to him upon the wings of that sweeping breeze, but the rain-drops touched his forehead with a cold kiss of peace, and the sullen clouds and the wailing wind seemed to express the thought which he had in his mind all the while.

"The end of all things has come for me, and I am content. But surely it would be very sweet if one could die peacefully and be buried in this little hamlet. I could rest in my grave, I think, if they made it at Minstead!"

As he said the words half aloud, the road took a sudden turn to the left. He turned with it, and came unexpectedly upon a little living picture that made him pause.

Every one knows the truth of the old saying, "the world is full of paper walls"—walls which, by the merest chance, are forever and fatally separating those who long to meet—walls which are as impenetrable as if they were built of the hardest adamant. But it sometimes seems to me that the world is also full of unseen influences, spiritual magnets, which are forever, and perhaps as fatally, drawing those toward each other who are far better apart, and yet must meet, because they are fated to do so. Strangely enough those influences work upon you and may bring your fate in upon you; cross a street, and it may meet you face to face. The friend you are to cherish, the enemy you are to hate, the man or woman you are to love—somewhere in the wide world they are waiting, and you need not seek them out, for they will surely come to you. They may be dwelling in the far East, you in the distant West—they may be bound to others by the tenderest ties—so may you—and yet, so surely as you both live and breathe, just so surely will they cross your path one day, and make their mark upon your life. For my part, so firmly am I convinced of the truth of this theory, that I cannot enter a strange place now without the mental question, "What—who will bring it to me?" I never can look upon a new acquaintance without wondering inwardly, "Are the threads of our two lives entwined in any hidden and mysterious way, of which we know nothing as yet?" I do not know that these speculations do any harm; they certainly create in the mind a sort of awe of places, times, and people, which is, perhaps, the most reverent way of looking upon them, and upon life!

In turning the corner of this woodland road, the man of the world had turned a corner in his own life, and he knew it not. Before him, at a little distance, stood the village church upon a gentle eminence; one or two cottages nestled among the surrounding hills, and the whole scene wore that look of green and peaceful repose which is so peculiar a characteristic of all English landscapes.

At his right, another cottage stood modestly by the side of the road. A grove of beech-trees rose behind it; in front was a small garden stocked with old-fashioned flowers, and surrounded by a paling half-hidden by the sprays and blossoms of a climbing rose. The little rustic gate was surmounted by a wooden arch, over which woodbine and ivy had been trained by

some skillful hand. They garlanded it with a fresh green wreath even yet. The cottage was one of those quaint, old-fashioned thatched and latticed houses you can still see in the New Forest—if in no other part of England—one of those ideal cottages which seem the fit abiding-place of James' and Tennyson's "May Queens." At this moment its door stood hospitably open, and in the picturesque little porch a jolly-looking old farmer was talking to two women almost as stout and jolly-looking as himself. At the gate stood a young and handsome man of twenty-five, wearing a farmer's dress, and holding the hand of a girl of seventeen, who looked up in his face with a gay, frank smile. A garden hat hung on her arm. A nosegay of autumnal flowers was in her disengaged hand, and the studied neatness of her simple gray dress and pink ribbons showed that the day was a festive one—at least, in her young eyes.

Pretty eyes she had, too, soft, dark, and bright; a pretty, blooming face, luxuriant hair, a graceful form, an easy carriage; attractions sufficient to stamp her at once as the village belle. And something else was in that face, too, which caught the author's eye and made him fall into a deep reverie as he stood and watched her.

He understood it all that instant, as well as if the story had been told to him by the parties whom it most concerned. There were the father and the aunt, here were the lovers, so happy that they knew nothing of the lowering sky above their heads, or the sudden gust of rain which was even then sweeping up from the west toward them. He stood apart and gazed at them with a smile; but something in their youth, their happiness, their artless confidence in each other, and in life, made him sigh at the same moment.

The voice of the old farmer called the young pair from their pleasant dream.

"Kitty! William! Don't you see it is going to rain? You will not have time for your walk before tea. In with you before you get a wetting."

Kitty's face was turned toward the road; therefore, as she turned to obey her father's summons, she was "made aware" of a tall and elegant stranger, looking very handsome and very sad, who stood just beyond the gate, with his dark eyes fixed upon her as intently as if she had been the fairest vision that ever crossed a poet's path. Kitty started as she caught that earnest gaze—returned it for a moment with a sort of breathless awe—then blushed, and trembled, and turned away with a guilty, frightened feeling at her heart, which she had never known before.

"The gentleman seems tired, and we are going to have a heavy shower," said the farmer, coming down the path toward them. "Perhaps he will walk in and take shelter with us till it is over."

The last words were addressed half to William, and half to the author, who, on hearing them, advanced on the instant, and raised his hat.

"You are very kind," he said, in a voice whose tones struck upon Kitty's sensitive ear like some familiar but half-forgotten melody. "And I accept your hospitality as cordially as it is offered—that is, if I am not intruding upon the privacy of a family party."

The old man chuckled, and nodded his head significantly at William.

"No, not a bit on't!" he said, cheerfully. "I'll tell you more about that after tea. But now let us go in. Here come the first drops of the shower."

He hurried up the little gravelled path, followed by William, who had grown suddenly silent and shamefaced in the presence of the unexpected guest. Kitty was silent, too, and never looked his way, although he was walking close beside her. At the porch the flowers she was carrying fell to the ground. The stranger picked them up and gave them to her with a low bow; but not before he had secreted one in the palm of his hand. She saw him do it, and went into the little cottage parlor blushing more deeply than before.

CHAPTER II.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

"Oh, Eva, thou the pure in heart,
Why falls thy trembling voice?
A blush is on thy maiden cheek,
And yet thine eyes rejoice.
Thine eyelids droop in tenderness,
New smiles thy lips combine,
For thou dost feel another soul
Is blending into thine."
—ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE fire burned bright upon the cottage hearth, and danced and sparkled over again in the store of cups and dishes that filled the dresser opposite. A row of chairs were drawn up in a cosy semicircle before the hearth, the old farmer installed his guest in the place of honor—the chimney-corner—and sat down by his side. William dropped into a seat near the window, and Kitty and her two female guests bustled about the room, "on hospitable cares intent."

From his nook the stranger watched it all, while he talked with the old man about the traditions of the Forest, and the wonders of "London town." He marked the exquisite neatness of the place, the fresh colors of the pretty carpet that covered the floor, the dazzling brightness of the window-panes, the spotless purity of the cloth the cottage girl was laying. The steel fender almost made his eyes ache with brightness, and look as he might, at the mantelpiece, table, chairs, and shelves, not a particle of dust or dirt could be found on them to offend his fastidious eye. A vase of late-blooming flowers stood on the broad window-shelf. On a little table beneath lay a Bible and a prayer-book bound in red morocco, a set of "Hervey's Meditations," and one or two volumes of "Sturm's Reflections." The soberly-painted shelves opposite the fireplace held nothing but the modest dishes of delf and earthenware necessary for the farmer's table, but just beyond them, a small book-case hung by its crimson cords, and evidently contained Kitty's literary treasures. At that distance he could not decipher the titles of the books, but he promised himself a closer scrutiny after tea. Over the book-shelves hung a print of a young girl holding a spangle in her arms. Upon the wall behind him were two engravings framed in black, and dark with age, representing that dismal "Leaving of the Tulleries," and that still more dismal leave-taking of a king of France with Marie Antoinette, and her unfortunate children. They were finely drawn and engraved, but it was a relief to look from the agonized group to the fresh young face of Kitty, who was cutting bread and butter just beneath them.

How lovely that face was, now that he could look more closely at it! Dark, silken hair pushed back carelessly yet smoothly from the blooming cheek; eyes that were deep as well as dark, and that were the very "homes of tears." A clear, brunette complexion, with a wild-rose tint upon the cheeks, and a deeper crimson on the lips that seemed always ready to break into a smile; a light, aquiline nose, a rounded, dimpled chin, a well-shaped head, that was set proudly on a white and slender throat; a rounded yet delicate form; small hands, feet, and ears—gaze as he might, he could find no fault with little Kitty. More beautiful women he had, of course, seen—more graceful ones, it may be; but never had so fresh, so natural, and so unaffected a creature crossed his path before. She was as blooming as a sweet wild-rose; she was good, and simple, and artless; she moved about the cottage home with shy, instinctive grace, a little embarrassed by the stranger's presence, a little troubled by the new feelings to which she could give no name, yet busying herself all the while with arrangements for his comfort, in such a charming way, that he could not keep his eyes from her. The words of the anonymous judge in "Maud Muller," that beautiful American poem of John G. Whittier's, came into his mind as he watched her:

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair."
"Would she were mine, and I, to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay."
"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues."
"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

"Tea is ready, please," said the sweet voice of his "Maud Muller" as he inwardly repeated the last words, and he got up and took his seat at the table by her side. If any one had told him one week before that he would have been sitting sociably at that meal, in company with a young and beautiful girl, an old farmer, and two stout old women, who, however estimable they might be, certainly did not bear the slightest outward resemblance to duchesses, how he would have scouted the ideal! Yet, there he sat, helping Kitty with the cups and hot water, as if he had been a tea-maker all his life; eating bread and butter, and cold boiled ham, with the most intense relish, and exerting himself for the entertainment of the company, till old Farmer Atherton and William Hill roared with laughter, and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones confided to each other behind their tea-cups, that he was "the funniest gentleman they ever did see!"

And then when the meal was over, how he insisted on helping them to clear away. I think he would have washed the dishes if Mrs. Brown would have let him! If any one had told these laughing, good-tempered cottagers, "This man who chooses to amuse himself for this moment by a game at 'high jinks' with you is one of the most sarcastic, reserved, and unapproachable of human beings in his own sphere and among his equals"—do you think they would have believed it? You know they would not! And yet it was nothing more than the truth.

The dishes were washed and put tidily away, the hearth brushed, the curtains drawn, the candles lit, and Kitty sat beside her lover in the family circle, while Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones took their places near the stranger. The old farmer stirred his glass of spirit, and gazed around the group with contented eyes.

"Quite like as if we had known each other all our lives long—isn't it, sir?"
"Quite. And that reminds me that you ought to know who you have been so very kind to. My name is Francis Oliver. I am an Englishman by birth, and for the present, at least, a Londoner by residence. I came down here for a week's quiet, little thinking I should meet with such pleasant friends, or such a warm welcome."

"You deserve it, sir. You deserve it!" said

plained either by himself or his inseparable attendant, the marble-faced Kool—all contributed to bend her generous heart in friendly kindness toward him, and she thought him only a boy, incapable of amorous passion.

Adrian's splendid, long, sloping nose sometimes raised upon the air as they strolled hand in hand along the shore, or among the scented wildwood glades, and a curious lowering line would contract her graceful brow. Crystal's pale sea-blue eyes were also often turned in intent reverie upon them, while her full lips compressed themselves into a somber threat.

"It is requisite to my schemes that Cora marries Griffith, mind that, girls," and the dutiful pair had bowed their elegant acquiescence, after which nothing remained for them save the pleasant task of taking of Gooseberry.

The party strolled together upon the dewy, grassy footpath from the beach to the pleasure grounds of the hotel, where they entered a path, conventional asphalt foot-way, and mounted terraces by terrace between rich shrubs, trees and shrubs, to the wide terrace, where already most of the occupants of the "Alhambra" had congregated, breakfast cup in hand, with expert waiters darting in and out among careless groups, conveying the delicate luxuriant viands after them.

As the charming party ascended the white marble steps, answered by the pleasant greetings of the stored upon them, Cora and Griffith, who came last, were stopped on the top step by Mr. Gaylure. He appeared to be deeply concerned about something, and scarcely heeded the presence of Griffith in his eagerness to place a sealed letter in Cora's hand.

"A letter for you, Cora; who can your correspondent be?" he exclaimed with undisguised curiosity, while the lady gazed blankly at the address on the back of the envelope—"Miss Cora Gaylure, Savannah, Ga."

Cora's first startled thought was that her mother had traced her, a thought which set her loving heart pounding even while it blushed her cheek, and she instinctively caught Mr. Gaylure's arm to steady her suddenly weakened limbs, and, forgetting everything and everybody, turned into the little room, where she opened the letter, which she found to contain a sheet of paper, very third-rate in quality, read the following:

"THE DEATH GULCH, SILVER-LEAD, MISS CORA GAYLURE, Sept. 4th, 1888."

"MADAM—If you are the daughter of Medeline Fleming, who married Victor Valdez, twenty years ago, supposing her first husband, Jonas Kereval, to be dead, in God's name grant an interview to your father, the said Jonas Kereval, at six p. m., on the tenth of November; he will walk alone on the sea-beach opposite the cave known as the Crystal Drotto. For your innocent mother's sake, as well as for your own, do not miss me there, the hand of God has laid so heavy upon me because of my sin that I would fain make expiation before I die."

Jonas Kereval.

Cordelia scanned these startling words with a sickening heart, and instinctively crushing up the tell-tale document in her hand—for as yet she had not whispered the names of her parents to her benefactor, to whom she gave the credit of disinterested benevolence—she remarked with averted face:

"This is a matter connected with my private history, in which you can give me neither assistance or comfort. Pardon my keeping it to myself; dear friends, I shall bear it better by myself. Do as you please, dear Cora, but always remember that you have me to fly for refuge to," was the appropriate answer uttered by her benefactor, as he delicately withdrew, leaving the startled and bewildered daughter of such strangely severed parents to her own bitter reflections.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 555.)

Stories of Chivalry.

COUNT PASTELLAR'S DAUGHTER

BY T. C. HARBAGH.

OVER the hills toward the city of Madrid, rode three handsome Spanish noblemen. Their limbed steeds were richly caparisoned, and their own trappings were gorgeous from casque to spur.

As chivalry was at its height in Spain the trio seemed bound for some splendid *fete* or tournament at arms.

"We part company here," said one, reining in his steed at a cross-road. "I see the turrets of Count Pastellar's castle. His adorable daughter is there. Gentlemen, shall I bear your respects to the lovely Isabel?"

"Certainly, my good Gomez," was the reply. "Upon my life, you are a lucky fellow whose star is always in the ascendant. I speak for Garcia here when I say give the fair Isabel the regards of two good Spanish knights whose swords will leap from their scabbards at her wish. Good-day, lucky Gomez! We shall be tormented by your good fortune."

Plumes were lifted in adieu, and the two men continued the journey toward the Spanish castle, while the third galloped swiftly over a narrow road that owned a gradual ascent.

"Does he suspect, friend Pedro?" asked one of the twins.

"Suspect? Bless you, no!" and the speaker burst into a laugh that made the valley ring. "He is blinded by passion, and walks unsuspectingly into the trap prepared for him at the castle. I saw the whip last night."

"The whip?" echoed Garcia, turning pale.

"I will sting him like a lizard," said you that the nervous old count will lay it on right royally."

"I would say him if he struck me with it."

"Ay, so would I, Garcia; but Gomez, the fool, would not lift his hand against the father of the fair Isabel. He will quickly submit to the flagellation, and ride away disgraced."

"Diagnose! that is true! I never thought of that until this moment."

"He will fly the country, and fling his life away in battle with the Moors. His plume has floated over the lists for the last time; his esquire will never about the Knight of the White Lilies any more."

Garcia did not speak. He hung his head as if in shame.

"Come! what is the matter?" cried Pedro, noticing his apparent dejection. "We are entering the capital, and should hold up our heads. In the first place, he was impudent to fall in love with the lady Isabel, my ladylove. Over our wine, Garcia, we will deal the cards, and talk about the coming fall."

Thus addressed, the kni h Garcia straightened his handsome figure in the saddle, and essayed a laughing rejoinder as he touched his steed with the gilded spurs, and galloped away in a cloud of dust.

A few minutes later the two knights were seated at a table with bottles of wine before them. Their conversation grew boisterous as the wine disappeared, and the frequenters of the place thought them the merriest knights in Andalus.

Pedro drank like a man in the flush of triumph; his companion seemed seeking nepenthe in the sparkling liquor. Garcia evidently was remorseful.

"Pedro drink like a man in the flush of triumph; his companion seemed seeking nepenthe in the sparkling liquor. Garcia evidently was remorseful."

"Gomez, the young victim of an unwhimsical conspiracy, had reached the castle, and was dangled a volume at the hands of the woman whom he adored. Isabel seemed incapable of deceit, and the Spaniard never dreamed of treachery when he knelt at her feet and poured out his love in tender tones. Pedro had assured him that Isabel was waiting for his proposal, and that he had but to ask for the whitest hand in Spain. Pedro was a knight whom he trusted; he had never found him deceitful, and thought that he had spoken good concerning him to Isabel."

The young knight was rudely disturbed by the lover-like attitude by the sudden entrance of Count Pastellar into the room.

"To your apartment!" he exclaimed to his daughter, who blushed deeply at his appearance. "The time for you to listen to the love tale of a boy has not arrived."

Isabel, frightened at her father's rage, darted from the scene, and the next moment the stinging blows of a whip were heard.

Once, twice, thrice, the lash fell across the young knight's face, an unending accompaniment to the dreadful maledictions that fell from

the count's lips. Gomez flushed painfully under the blows that drew blood, and suddenly sprang upon his knees. There was a brief struggle, and the whip was in his hands. Then it fell once upon the count's broad shoulders, when it was hurled across the room, and the young knight bounded to the door.

"There comes another day!" he said, glaring at his insult. Then he turned on his heels and strode from the castle.

His ride from the scene of his disgrace was the most mournful one of his life. Whipped by the father of the prettiest girl in Spain, and beneath her castle roof, at that. He felt the insult keenly, and for a moment tears mingled with the blood that trickled from the cuts of the lash.

The affair would not be kept quiet. He knew Count Pastellar's disposition—know that he could spread the knight's disgrace over the kingdom. That it would be flaunted in his face at every market place, upon every road. He did not stop to think whether Isabel had been a party to the wrong; he could not accuse her of such deception; and so, loving her still, he rode slowly on, with but one desire in his heart—vengeance.

He saw the city but did not dash toward it, though he knew that Pedro and Garcia were there. He was ashamed to show his bleeding face to them. His disgrace might cost him his life at the hands of the populace.

Once he looked back and shook his clenched hands at the proud turrets of Pastellar Castle, then drove his spurs home and soon left castle and city far behind.

On, on as though the hounds of justice were baying at his heels, the boy knight rode. He dashed through hamlets with the speed of the wind, hiding his bleeding face with one arm, while the other held the reins. At last he halted before a poor hut at the foot of a mountain and shouted to the inmates.

He was answered by an old crone who made her appearance, to utter an exclamation of terror at sight of him.

"I need help!" he said, throwing himself from the saddle. "I want my wounds dressed, and if you ever tell that I have been here, there will be blood on my knighly blade."

He left his steed at the door, and entered the hovel as night swooped down and covered the mountain with her wings.

"Who will be your queen of beauty this victorious day, good Pedro?"

"My lady Isabel."

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten when I might have known. He will not be here to bite his lips."

"No," and Pedro laughed while his dark eyes sparkled with vengeful triumph. "Four months have passed since the count cut him handsomely with the whip. I knew his proud nature could not brook the insult. Down in some mountain gorge he has ended the life which he considered disgraced. It was a stroke of policy, Garcia, an admirable affair I might say, for the lady Isabel was beginning to think something of the boy."

"How is she now?"

"True, but no hawk to his master. I have her heart, and when I have crowned her queen of love and beauty to-day, the gracious king himself will publicly betroth us."

"Then you anticipate the crown?"

"Is she surely to be mine?" was the assuring reply. "My lance owns no conqueror in all Hispania."

The foregoing conversation took place in a rich tent just without the walled city. It was a gala day for the nobility of Spain, for the monarch was to honor the festivities with his presence, and was, moreover, expected to level a lance himself. The tournament had been given in honor of a late victory, and the best lance of the kingdom had been drawn into the lists. Numerous tents, decorated with courtly insignia, formed a semi-circle opposite the gorgeous pavilion occupied by royalty, and the handsome lady-loves of the knights.

Pedro and Garcia, whom we have met before, were in the former tent. The lists were about to be opened, and the esquires were ready to usher their respective masters into the ring. Beside the monarch sat Count Pastellar, proud and dignified, and his daughter Isabel, a little pale and anxious, occupied a chair near by.

The lifeguard called at a signal from the king, and with the usual flourish of trumpets six and twenty knights rode from the tents.

Then the tournament opened, and lance crossed lance as the horses came together in the terrible charge. Lords and ladies gazed on with interest, the successful, and the welkin rung with trumpet blasts and loud buzzes.

Pedro seemed determined to make good his boast.

By one he unhorsed the various champions, until at length there appeared no other foe to conquer. He lowered his casque and bowed to the plaudits of the spectators as his esquire made proclamation:

"Pedro, my good master, Knight of the Stainless Paces, has won the Spanish crown, the crown of the lists, challenges any lance in the kingdom to combat."

The boisterous lance ceased, and the haughty Spaniard looked triumphantly around. He did not fear a reply.

But, all at once, the curtains of an obscure tent parted and an esquire, clad in black armor, lifted his voice:

"My valiant master, Knight of the Black Crest, will level lances with he of the Stainless Paces."

This proclamation created intense excitement. Pedro looked at the king, in whose eyes he detected a merry twinkle, and bowed as if he had discovered a royal trick.

But the trumpets calmed the tumult, and the Knight of the Black Crest rode from his tent. He was greeted with deafening shouts by the populace, and the splendid crest of black feathers bowed low to royalty. His armor was black; his mettled steed and long lance were of the same somber hue.

If Pedro feared defeat he did not reveal it, for he lowered his casque upon his opponent's appearance, and a minute later the first shock took place. It was an admirable charge, and told that the antagonists were well matched. Withdrawing the men rested a yell, and then charged upon each other with a zest that made the spectators hold their breath. The shock of encounter was terrible.

Pedro's lance, good as it was, snapped against the black lance, and his esquire, who had been back and unhorsed him—with signal defeat. The fallen man essayed to rise; but being faint, he could not, and a stain of blood flowed from the futile effort. It was then discovered that his heavy breast-plate had been shattered by the invincible lance.

The Knight of the Black Crest was declared the victor, and amid the wild plaudits of the spectators, he stood a moment with the crown of victory in his hands. He seemed to be seeking his lady-love among the excited ladies in the pavilion.

At last his eyes flashed with eager joy, and, dismounting, he approached the throng of beauty. Not a word was spoken until he placed the crown upon the golden hair of Count Pastellar's daughter.

Then a tremendous shout rent the air.

"This is my queen of love and beauty!" he cried. "This day I have wiped out the foul insult that has made me an outcast. Our gracious majesty, the king, will tell you that I am a good knight. He will say that the beautiful woman whom I have crowned to-day shall become my bride."

"Long live the Knight of the Black Crest! Let us see his face!"

In response to the shouts the victor took off his casque, and faced the assemblage.

It was Gomez, whom we last saw smirking under the stings of the count's whip.

With flashing eyes, Count Pastellar denounced to the proceedings, but the king, quietly put a stop to the maledictions, and with his own hands gave Isabel away.

Shortly after the flagellation she had informed her lover of the conspiracy. It reached the king's ears, and royalty at once entered upon a plot to punish the guilty.

Pedro and the half-repentant Garcia were

sent into exile, while the Knight of the Black Crest, advanced to new titles by the king, completed his revenge by marrying Count Pastellar's daughter.

SONG OF THE GRATEFUL.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

With wonder fraught,
I've often thought
Of nature's mystic ways:
So grand, sublime,
In every clime,
That came before my gaze.

My spirit leans
To all the scenes,
That filled me with delight.
To me in dreams
Their voices breathe,
Though vanished from my sight.

In ecstasy
Enthralling me,
Their charms my mind impress,
O's wondrous ways
With meedred praise
I had not well confess'd.

Nor all the good
That twist me stood,
Through life's tangled maze
Faith to impart
Into each heart,
Descending from above.

My being fills
With love and bliss,
When gratitude I give
For every gift
That me doth live,
And better I may live.

My inner light
Drinks in the light,
Where all was dark before;
And perfect joy
With me forevermore!
Is mine forevermore!

SURE-SHOT SETH.

The Boy Rifleman.

OR,
THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DA-
KOTA DAN," "OLD DAN BACKRACK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.
TRULY INFERNAL.

IT was on the night following the events just narrated that we left the Boy Brigade on the shores of Lake Luster, then bathed in the mellow radiance of a full moon.

An exclamation of surprise and admiration escaped each lip as they gazed out over the fish sheet and its dark-green border of forest trees.

But few of the little party had ever looked upon Lake Luster under similar circumstances. It was a place seldom frequented by hunter or trapper. The deep shadows seemed to have expelled all animal life from within its borders, and it was only by accident that one happened there.

"By mighty!" exclaimed old Joyful Jim. "If that isn't the most beautiful scene I ever clapped my optics on. Why, she burns like a jewel on the black hand of a nigger gal. Lake Luster, did you say, Seth?"

"Yes; the water is almost transparent. In many places you can see the bottom and the fish sporting about; but this is nothing more or less than a miracle. I have seen nothing like it in all my life. Numerous tents, decorated with courtly insignia, formed a semi-circle opposite the gorgeous pavilion occupied by royalty, and the handsome lady-loves of the knights."

"That's good; and I hope they'll continue to observe this absence from the spirit lake while we're here," said Jim. "I've had enough of horrid javelins and Ingins' bullets to last me till next harvest."

"Wherever our trail leads, they'll be sure to follow, mind what I tell you," said Sure Shot Seth.

"Wharfore?" old Jim demanded.

"They are led by a white man; or rather a white boy, whose youth will be nothing in my favor. Ivan Le Clercq is unprincipled and bad. He has just enough of Indian blood in him to make him bloodthirsty and revengeful; and enough of French to make him subtle in plotting and guile in the use of his rifle."

"Yes; but, bego, they dassent buck against the Boy Brigade," said Teddy O'Roop.

"Ki, yi; guess de Boy Brigadi' had all day wait at de island set night, whar de angel come trap and sing on de rock."

"Lovely creature!" exclaimed old Jim; "she saved our bacon, I dare say, and it'd do me good to stand up before her and thank her with all my heart for her kindness. Wasn't she super-duper?"

"You don't think she was a celestial being, do you?" asked Seth, half smiling.

"Think it—heavens! I know it. Nothing mortal that wears hair would 'dared to come onto that rock between the muzzles of two-score cannons."

"She was an entire stranger to me, Jim; but I know she is mortal; and, furthermore, I am inclined to think she is a personage known to and wielding great power over the red-skins. But, as she is Miss Harris, if living, so let us move on, and—"

At this juncture, Hooseah, the Indian lad, who had been absent from the main party, re-appearing, came running up in great excitement, and said:

"Indeed! exclaimed Seth; "are they watching for us?"

"No—watchin' big wigwam on the lake—see him float down from shadows."

"Hear you, white youth will be lake, and all eyes turning in the direction indicated, beheld a long, triangular structure floating out from the border of shadows that lined the southern shore, into the moonlit waters."

"It's a tent!" exclaimed Mr. Harris.

"It looks like a tent; but it surely isn't one," answered Seth. "It appears to glimmer like a metal shield."

"Dogged if it isn't a little queer," said one of the boys.

"It puzzles me, I assure you," remarked another.

"It is moving quite fast, and yet I cannot see from whence it receives its motive power," said Harris.

The craft continued on into the open lake until it had gained the center, when it came to a stand. Then our friends saw a door open on the sloping side and a man appear from the interior. He stood in front of the door and gazed around him. The Brigade could see the outlines of a tall person with long hair. In his hand he held a staff with a trident-spear on the end of it.

From the darkness along the shore a tongue of fire suddenly shot out, and the report of a rifle started the midnight echoes for miles.

"Och, are me blood Ingins are bring on the stranger," said Teddy.

"Yes; and by that," answered Seth, "we are to understand that the stranger is an enemy of the red-skins, whatever he may be to us."

Our friends stood still on the shore watching the man on the raft turned and entered his boat; but soon he appeared again, bearing something in his arms. Carefully he scanned the surrounding shores, but seeing no one, he sat down and gazed calmly around him.

With an imperious wave of the hand, the old man on the raft turned and entered his boat; but soon he appeared again, bearing something in his arms. Carefully he scanned the surrounding shores, but seeing no one, he sat down and gazed calmly around him.

A boat suddenly crept out from the shadows of the east bank and moved toward the strange raft. There were five occupants in it. They were savages, and brightly flashed their paddles as they rose and fell in the water.

The man now rose to his feet, and in deep, thunderous tones warned the red-skins back. But they either did not understand him, or else heeded not his warning. Seeing this, the old fellow got down upon his knees and placed the article that he had brought out with him in the water. Our friends could see that it emitted a very faint glow not much larger than the combustion of a firefly. No sooner was it placed in the water than it began to move—glide smoothly along the surface of the lake directly toward the red-skins.

"What now, in the name of Sodom, does that mean?" exclaimed old Joyful Jim. "See it, boys! a little speck of fire creeping along to ride that Ingins boat."

All answered in the affirmative.

"What do you opine it are?" he questioned. "None could tell. All were equally puzzled."

"Shouldn't wonder if it weren't some of the devil's own contraptions," said Jim, knowingly.

All relapsed into silence and watched with bated breath and fixed eye the moving speck of fire. The Indians, too, had discovered its approach, and sat holding their paddles in motionless hands, regarding the tiny object with silent attention.

Meanwhile, the old man on the boat stood with folded arms gazing after the moving speck, while a silent awe and deep and profound as creation's morn hung over all. It was a foreboding stillness.

Straight toward the red-skins' boat, which had not deviated a foot from its course toward the unknown craft, the floating spark made its way. The Indians were deeply puzzled by it, and although their minds were not unmixed with superstition regarding Lake Luster, they affected no fear of the approaching object. It was so very small that no harm could possibly come of it; or, at least, this was the conviction that it forced upon our friends, as well as the red-skins.

A slight commotion agitated the savages as it neared them, and our friends saw the foremost warrior dip his paddle and turn the prow of the boat southward. But for this act, the floating light would have passed them slightly to the right; but the prow of the boat, being thrown across its path, it came in contact with the craft, when, horrors! a sheet of flame burst from the bosom of the lake under the boat, and a roar like the thunder of a volcano shook the night.

High up in air flew water and fragments of the canoe and the riven forms of its human freight—so high that when the debris came down again an arm and torn hand fell on the shore before their horrified gaze.

CHAPTER XXIII.
"SCATTER!"

"My God!" was the exclamation of Harris, at sight of the human limb that had been torn from the body by the terrible explosion and thrown on the beach.

"Ay!" exclaimed Joyful Jim. "I told you it was one of the devil's own contraptions. I tell you, boys, this infernal machinery is aboard that boat, or else my head's not hot."

"It must have been a torpedo that burst under the boat," Sure Shot Seth remarked.

"Without a doubt," said Harris, "and the light we saw floating out from that boat was a warning, a doubt, attached to the deadly machine."

"But from whence did it derive its power of propulsion?"

"That I cannot answer; but, I dare say, it is some ingenious mechanical contrivance of the inmate of that boat, whoever he may be," answered Seth.

"But who is the inmate of that craft?"

"That's the question," said Seth; "but an idea is creeping into my head, and I'll wager anything that the angel that came and sang, and played between the muzzles of your and the savages' guns last night belongs in that little craft."

"Who? Vishnia of the Valley?"

"Yes; she's probably some wild, crazy girl, and the act that saved you on the Rock Island was but a freak of her diseased mind. No sane girl would dare wander alone, of her own free will, through those woods at night, much less perform such a reckless act as to come between the guns of two deadly foes as a peace-maker."

"That's mighty sound doctrine, Sure Shot," said old Jim, thoughtfully, "and I'll go a-consin that, if she's aboard that craft, crazy as a loon, her father's that, crazy as a March hare."

"Crazy people sometimes perform miraculous—"

Harris was here cut short by a wild, triumphant peal of laughter ringing across the lake from the reds, fully substantiating, and settling in the minds of those who heard it, the truth of old Jim's assertion—that the man on the boat was a madman.

By this time nearly every vestige of the terrible explosion had disappeared. The boat had become tranquil; and not a savage was to be seen.

The mysterious boat still occupied its position on the lake, and its occupant his position upon its deck. But soon, the latter retired from view, and silent and grim the craft lay upon the placid bosom of the glimmering sea.

While Seth and his companions stood discussing the tragedy, the sound of footsteps was heard approaching. This enjoined silence upon our friends; but the footsteps turned and retreated. That they were made by savage feet the Brigade had not a doubt, and that they had been discovered, was also quite evident.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when the rush of a hundred feet was heard along the shore. A horde of savages were stealing upon the Brigade.

"Whirr-rr-rr-rr-rr-rr," suddenly rose from the midst of the Brigade, like the "whirr" of a pheasant in a cove.

Instantly, almost the whole of the little band scattered in every direction like a flock of sheep. The savages uttered a yell, and sent a volley into the darkness after them, but not a bullet took effect.

The footsteps of the Brigade fleeing in every direction confused the red-skins, so that pursuit was baffled for some time. This gave our friends an opportunity to make good their escape. It was a part of their tactics under such circumstances. The "whirr" issued by Sure Shot Seth's lips was well understood; it was a signal to disperse.

Away through the darkness of the grim Black Woods the Brigade fled. Seth took Mr. Harris with him, while Joyful Jim and Tom Grayson, who had been admitted to membership in the band, sought safety as did the rest.

In ten minutes' time a deep and profound silence reigned over the forest and lake. The red-skins made no attempt to follow the boys far. They knew the danger of scattering in pursuit.

But in the wood, under the deep shadows of a great tree, Sure Shot Seth and Maggie's father came to a halt, and listened.

"We have escaped," said the latter; "but who knows the fate of the others?"

"Rest assured they are safe," was Seth's confident reply.

But they are all scattered like a covey of quails. I dare say we are the only

Nothing dishonorable," she answered, evasively.

"That's not a very square answer," was the rude response.

"It is all that I feel at liberty to give," the maiden said, fear manifest in her voice.

"Well, let me hear what propositions for peace you have to make," the renegade observed.

"Nothing more than the request that you withdraw your designs against our home yonder, on the lake, and no harm shall befall a red-man, so far as we are concerned," was the maiden's response.

"We fear nothing, nor any one," was the brutal reply of the Boy Chief. "The woods and the lakes belong to the red-man, and it is not for the whites to make conditions regarding them."

"I know the Indians are not cowards, and I do not wish to intimidate them. I only ask what is honorable."

"What is your father's name?"

"Neptune," she answered; but Le Clercq's ignorance of mythology concealed the evasion in her answer.

"Neptune," he repeated; well, I will accede to your demand, so long as you do not expect me to be pleased to hear what your boat may be."

"Well, there's a young girl aboard your boat, isn't there?"

Virginia started, and hesitated for a moment to reply, but finally she said:

"There is no desire to answer falsely; there is a young girl there—Miss Harris."

Seth's heart gave a great bound. He was afraid that it would betray his presence. Maggie was safe, and that was joy to him. He felt so thankful that he could have kissed the garments of her who brought the glad intelligence. But his feelings assumed a different mood when he heard the young chief say:

"Deliver that maiden into my power and you and I shall be no molested no more by the Indians."

"But that would be against her will," said Virginia.

"I dare say it would; but no difference about that."

"I would not consent to do a wrong, for if you would hold her a captive against her will, it would be cruel and barbarous," said the maiden.

"The Indians are classed as barbarians," Le Clercq replied; "so it wouldn't make any material difference."

"Father will never consent to give her up to her enemies."

"But I will make him give her up," said the young chief.

"Do not overestimate your power, young chief."

"I'll see to that. I'll just hold you in hostage till that girl is given up."

Virginia started, and her face grew pale with fear. This was something she had not expected, and she saw little chance of escape from her situation.

"I have always heard that the Indians were possessors of gallantry, and under such circumstances I treat a woman kindly," said Virginia; "but had I known otherwise, I would never have placed myself at your mercy."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but the exigency of this case demands that I hold you a prisoner till Maggie Harris is given up. Black Dog"—turning to the Indian—"you will take this pale-face girl to his loft, and the next morning she shall be at your mercy."

Half reluctantly, the Indian advanced toward the maiden, who, seating herself, attempted to flee. But the Indian was too quick for her. He caught her by the arm and dragged it half upon the shore; but before he had time to contaminate her by his touch, Seth Shot saw the bushes on the opposite side of the path move, and the next instant a tomahawk, wielded by some unseen person there, fell upon the head of the savage. Like a log he went down lifeless, falling partly in the water. Hawk-Eyes started back, aghast with fear and horror. He heard the click of a revolver in his left, and the next moment his weapon itself was thrust through the foliage into his very face. But not a word was spoken—not a face was visible to the half-trilled young chief. He fixed his glaring eyes upon the weapon, and in an instant along the arm thrust from the bushes, but he could not tell by whom he was confronted. That it was an enemy with a cool head and steady nerve, however, he had no doubt. Had he known that he stood at the muzzle of Seth Shot's revolver, his terror would have been still greater; but Seth did not want him to know it, and so kept still and hid in the bushes.

For fully a minute the young chief stood winching before the weapon thrust at him like the finger of death; but, seeing the unknown enemy hesitate to fire, he gathered courage, struck up the muzzle of the weapon, then turned and darted into the darkness.

Then Seth parted the bushes and stepped out into the moonlight on one side of the path, and Hooheah, the Indian lad, appeared from the other.

"Me kill Seth brave; why Seth not kill Hawk-Eyes?" asked the young friendly, a look of some regret on his face.

"I would not fire through fear of bringing danger upon her," replied Seth, pointing toward the little canoe leaping across the water under the vigorous strokes of the fair Virginia's paddle. (To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

THE ANSWER.

BY ANDREW RYAN.

There I see the postman coming. And I soon will hear him drumming. On the window-pane, to tell me that a letter's come.

And I wonder what is in it! Though I'll know well, in a minute, If it is the one expected from the rover o'er the sea.

Yes, I know it will bring tidings Of the fruit of my fond chime. That the one to whom my heart is gone should stay so long away.

And I'm sure 'twill be o'erflowing With the love that I have sent. In the bosom of the writer, who my summons will obey.

For I wrote him I was lonely; And I think of him only. And I couldn't wait to see him till the day he said "I come home!"

And I told him then to hurry; My heart would be in a hurry Till I met him in the gate again, to bid him "welcome home!"

There, I knew it! 'Twas his writing! And he says he will bring it. Coming quick to see his darling, whom he never once forgot.

And he says that, when he's coming, I should meet him in the gloaming. And then alone he'd tell me of—well, I'd rather not say what!

The Hunted Bride:
OR,
WEDDED, BUT NOT WON.BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE
BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE SNARE AGAIN.

DRESSED in her wedding robes, Margaret stood at the window of her room, listening for the approach of the train which was bringing the bridegroom, and numerous of his friends. The sun had set, but it was not yet dark, the rosy splendor of the west meeting and mingling with the early luster of a full moon just rising in the east. The house was full of gay sounds, merriment, laughter, singing, jesting; ladies were sitting on the porticoes and standing in groups on the lawn; the halls resounded with mirthful voices and light footsteps; the air, within and without, was absolutely burdened with the perfume of uncounted flowers.

The larger number of the lady guests had arrived by the earlier train, and having refreshed themselves and their toilets, were now enjoying the beautiful house, decorated with exquisite taste for the occasion, and the delightful grounds. These guests, of course, were the friends of Mr. Kellogg—the bride-elect having, as we know, been so circumstanced through her young life as to have few friends of her own. One good friend she had, though, who had not failed her, but was there, in the full glory of a new brown silk and white shawl; but Mrs. Sally had not brought Mr. Griggs, for whom she had looked up to the last hour, yet been obliged to go without him after all.

Margaret, strange as had been many of the influences of her life—little as she had mingled with what is called society, and stranger as she was to almost every face she could see that bustled about the house, she was not without her share of the social instinct. Instead, the hour to her was felt as one of triumph. She was so proud of her lover that she was proud of herself as his choice; and to do honor to him, and to herself for his sake, she had resolved that all should be lavish, tasteful, befitting a queen of society.

The banquet was ordered from the city; flowers filled the house, and the little village church, within which the ceremony was to be performed—for Margaret was of too immediate English descent to be married anywhere but in church, by the Church of England service. A band of musicians, also from the city, were already tuning their instruments inside an open summer-house on the lawn, preparing to greet the bridegroom with the triumphal strains of the wedding march, as he came up from the station to the Villa.

The last touch had been given to the bride's toilet, and Mrs. Maxwell, having been in to criticize and approve, had kissed her, vowing she was too beautiful for any mortal man, and had borne off Tina, to assist some of her guests, leaving Margaret alone for a few moments of quiet. Exciting as had been the day, she was conscious of no fatigue, and instead of reposing in the little blue satin chair where Mrs. Maxwell had carefully placed her, so as not to disarrange her veil and robe, she was drawn to the window to look out at the lovely sunset, and to listen for the first strains of the now-expected train.

As she stood thus, unconscious that any one beheld her, and so not seeking to hide her soul, any one might read the story of her adoration of that man for whom she waited—read it in the kindling eyes, the flushed cheeks, the heaving bosom, and the rapid pulsing of her heart. As she stood there, her head slightly inclined to listen, her eyes fixed on the rosy western sky, she was not at all aware of a pair of eyes, as bright as her own, but bright with far different and more dangerous light, which watched her from one of the trees in the summer-house on the lawn. Strange how blindly we may stand on the verge of fate without a single thrill of premonition to warn us of the abyss before us!

As the bride stood there in the wide-open window, listening and waiting, the whistles blew, and the great engine came rattling down the line. As she stood there, her head slightly inclined to listen, her eyes fixed on the rosy western sky, she was not at all aware of a pair of eyes, as bright as her own, but bright with far different and more dangerous light, which watched her from one of the trees in the summer-house on the lawn. Strange how blindly we may stand on the verge of fate without a single thrill of premonition to warn us of the abyss before us!

This too, was but momentary, and then the beautiful bride grew fatter than ever in the silver tide of the increasing moonlight; a rich swell of music beat up from the lawn, filling the air, which had already seemed so full of perfume as to leave no space for music, with the delicious rhythm of the wedding-march, and Margaret, pressing her hand to her heart, and shrinking into the shadow of the curtain, saw him approaching, joyful and eager-looking, moving amid a troop of friends.

In a few moments she stole down to the library to exchange a few words with him—this she felt sure she would take place by his side in church.

"My Margaret," he breathed, in a whisper, as the enchanting vision appeared before him, and in the two words she felt his admiration and his love. "I will not call you that again to-night," he said, as he took her hand, and looking into her face as his thirsty gaze could not be satisfied; "you are Juliet—my Juliet. It was as Juliet I began, in one short evening, to love you. Oh, would poor Romeo's fate had been as happy as my own! What have I done to deserve such a fate as yours? Juliet, you are perfect! You are absolute perfection! I did not know you could be so much more than beautiful. What is the charm? Let me try to find it. Is it in those eyes, in those lips, in that smile or blush? Oh, find it in all—indiscoverable!"

"It is all summed up in one word, master," she said, with a divine glance, so fond, yet so reluctant—"I love you. My face speaks love, and that makes it seem fair to you."

"How singular that we should have met as we did," he continued, still gazing at her, but a shadow passed over his countenance, and he made for each other as we are, tastes, talents, hearts in unison, coming together by such slight chance, under such painful circumstances—I cannot account for it. But I love you—you are mine, by right divine"—leaving, speaking fast, as if to some imaginary enemy, and then looking at her from him—"I will fight for you, die for you."

"Why, Kemble, what is it?" she asked, half alarmed; for he spoke with an excitement quite different from the soft joy with which at first he had regarded her.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he answered, dropping her hand and beginning to walk up and down the floor, while she stood silent until he flung himself upon a sofa, sighing wearily.

"Kemble, you are fatigued to death. I might know you would be, you have been so hurried lately. Have you any supper?"

"No, darling; but I am to have a cup of tea directly. After that, Richard's himself again. Why, do I frighten you, Juliet? I had an ugly thought—that was all. It crosses my mind at the most unexpected times. It is the shadow on the sunshine of my too bright prospects."

"Tell it to me; that will exorcise it," she said, sinking to a footstool before him, and looking up at him, with expectant eyes.

"Nay, least of all to you. I tell you it is gone—perhaps forever. See! look in my eyes!—don't they show that I am a thousand times happier than I deserve to be?" smiling and looking indeed exultant—"but there is the signal that my cup of tea is waiting—and the sooner we part now, the sooner we shall meet to part no more, Juliet, sweet darling, wife."

Blushing at the word, with his eyes on her hand, she stole back to her chamber to await the summons, which came within an hour, calling her down to set out for the church. A long train of carriages waited to take up the company, the full moon lighted the bridal cortege, and the lights of the church glimmered in the distance, through the arched windows. Margaret went in the carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, her cousin being the person to give her away.

Her heart was too full of the solemn rapture, the tumult of the hour, to allow her space for much reflection, contrasting this with another occasion when she had gone to a church with the man who now sat opposite to her by the wife of his choice.

The little edifice was so crowded that it was with difficulty a path could be cleared to the altar; the bridal procession, obliged to move slowly, was sustained by the organ's anthem; the spectators rejoiced in the slight delay, which gave them prolonged opportunities for noting

the arrangement of the orange wreath, the thickness of the lustrous silks, how white the bride was, how red she was, and whether, or not, she carried a bouquet. The bridegroom, too, being a stranger, received an unusual share of attention.

The music died slowly out, the buzz of whispering spectators subsided into silence as the clergyman advanced, and the ceremony began. When he came to the words—"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace"—there was a movement in one of the square pews facing the altar on the south side of the church. Some one sitting there in the shadow of a pillar, stood up; Margaret was conscious of a slight sensation in the assembly, but her thoughts were too intent on the solemn service to allow her eyes to wander.

In the brief pause left by the clergyman, more from custom than because it was ever expected any response would be made, something fell upon the consciousness of the people present, as the shadow of a cloud falls on a landscape. They saw the person arise, and felt a sympathetic chill; but there was no time to shape an answer before a moment, clear, peculiar voice—a sweet voice, for a man's, and yet with something stinging and cruel in it, said—"I know a good deal of sufficient reason. The lady before the altar is my wife."

His voice! Margaret turned a startled and shivering gaze that way, as if she expected to behold a spirit arisen from his grave. He stood there, half-smiling, calm, as ever, looking at her with the old gaze of passion and triumph—no uneasy glow, come back from death itself to assuage his power over her, but Senator Martinique, in that steady, standing there, calm, as if he were before all that assembly, and the man she loved silent by her side!

"Is this the truth?" asked the clergyman of her, while, as yet, the crowd had not stirred, but seemed holding its breath.

"Yes, yes," he answered, glancing, wandered from the speaker to the altar, and back again; the earth seemed heaving under her feet, a leaden weight pressed the breath from her lungs; mechanically, in a heavy, cold tone she answered:

"It is; but I thought him dead. He was drowned before my eyes." When attempting to turn away, she felt the grasp, blindly with her hands, and would have fallen, but the strong arm of her lover closed about her waist, and all she felt that she rested upon him, and all else was for God's sake.

"For God's sake, Kellogg, let me carry her home," said the speaker, who had made more private. "The whole house is aghast," whispered Branthope.

A universal sigh was breathed by the spectators, when Margaret sunk insensible; they began to stir now, and a small tumult broke out, and, between Mr. Kellogg and the altar, the pause of surprise and curiosity had reigned.

"I want no private explanations," burst forth Mr. Kellogg, in a voice of thunder. "You are not dealing with a timid and ignorant girl now, Mr. Maxwell, but with me. The case is mine!"

"For Heaven's sake, do not counsel this!" pleaded Branthope, a sickening dread of exposure causing him to turn very pale. "This is no place for such a scene. My wife is here—our friends—relatives—"

All the better for my purpose. You, and Senator Martinique, remember that I am a man no one dares to trifle with. What! keep my peace, and this woman whom I love lying here, half killed by your cowardly persecutions! The spirits of the dead about us would rise to reproach me for such weakness. Do not go, Kellogg, do not go! Sit you still in your seats, and you shall hear a story which will make you wiser, as regards the capability of meanness to be found in the hearts of respectable men—honored members of society, church-goers, and title-bearers. I'll tell you all about this marriage, from first to last, as it really was, and what another will do to secure a fortune without the exertion of earning it. Married! ay, but no law in the land would hold it valid one moment; a fiendish piece of heartless fraud, from which my poor darling here could at once have freed herself, and which she has chosen to do at the time it took place, and John Lopez Martinique. 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MR. PODDLE AT HOME.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Now, Absalom Poddle, look there,
You've gone and left open the door,
Don't you know that a door's made to shut?
I've told you so often before,
Why, every door about the house you've given
The habit of flying open when you're
around.

And you know there are nearly a score.
Arms full of wood? What of that?
That is no sort of excuse,
When the weather's as cold as it is,
And—look at the snow on your shoes!
I'll declare, Mr. Poddle, whenever you are
about, the house gets all over upside
down.

And I'd like to know what is the use.
You make all the work that you can
For a woman as worn out as I,
You scratch up the chairs with your heels,
Now, Poddle, you cannot deny!
And you spit in the stove, and if that isn't
enough you muddy up the hearth—
If I was to mad I would cry.

You move every thing in the room,
And sprinkle the coal on the stairs,
And all of the rugs you kick up
For the sake of increasing my cares,
And you always leave your boots right in the
middle of the room—
Unless they should be on the chairs.

I've got to go all through the house
When you're in here, to set the things
straight,
The books are left lying around
Till the room is in a horrible plight,
And some of these days I'll let my temper get
the upper you muddy up the hearth—
And the people will say I was right.

These almost make me complain,
And I wonder sometimes why I don't;
I'll bear them as long as I can,
And you, bet, when I can't, then I won't.
I'll be compelled to put my boots on
the floor, or the shovel in the stove,
And put them to better account.

I'm sure that I give you advice
Which would make a changed person of you;
I know I'm as patient as Job,
And I wish you had married a shrew,
And some day you will worry me till I'm dead
and buried, Mr. Poddle,
Then what in the world would you do?

Great Captains.

BOLIVAR,

The Liberator of Colombia.

BY DR. LOUIS LEBRAND.

THE story of Spanish domination in America is one of rapacity, misrule and revolution. The States of South America were simply fields in which Spanish avarice, pride and ambition came to enrich themselves and a large retinue of retainers from the treasure, the labor and the suffering of the miserable natives. In mines, in the fields, on the highways, the foreigner was master and the Indian the slave. This for a century after Pizarro's cruel advent. A second century witnessed the rapid growth of a mixed race, less abject than the Indian but more vicious, turbulent and intractable; and though the Spaniard became the fixed resident and dominant power in State, in society, in commerce and in the church, a higher power in Spain ruled him with a tyranny and insolence born of that greed for gold and lust for others' estates that made the Castilian both dreaded and detested in the New World.

Against this tyranny the people at length began to revolt. Spanish glory and the Spanish name, little by little, lost their hold on the popular mind. Each succeeding governor found his subjects less easily governed, and Spain beheld her colonial tributes year by year grow less. Her galleons were less richly freighted, and her "plate fleets" lessened in number until they almost entirely disappeared, for the West India possessions, the South American provinces and Mexico, with the opening of the present century, all were ripe for revolt against their oppressor.

This revolt was stimulated by the revolution in France, but more particularly by the remarkable progress and prosperity of the United States of North America. The principle of liberty and the rights of self-government were subjects of constant discussion in the Spanish colonies, but the absence of leaders, and the presence of strong Spanish garrisons in all the provinces made liberty impracticable until the appearance on the scene of General Miranda, in 1810. Fresh from service in the French army, and familiar with popular liberty from a residence in the United States, he had resolved to raise the standard of revolt in the South American provinces, and landed in Venezuela, in 1810, to commence his work of organizing the movement for revolution. He was accompanied by a young Venezuelan, Simon Bolivar—the future Liberator and "Father of his Country."

Simon Bolivar was born at Caracas, July 24th, 1783, coming from a distinguished family. He was sent to Spain for education—traveled in southern Europe—spent a year in Paris—returned to Madrid and married—all of which happened before his twentieth year. He came to Venezuela with his girl-wife several years younger, his father's death called him home, and he reached Caracas in March, 1809, taking his beautiful wife to his extensive paternal estate, in the fair vale of Aragua, near Caracas city, where he hoped for years of domestic bliss. But then quickly came the sorrow of his life in the death of his wife by yellow fever. Almost frantic with grief he returned to Europe to alleviate his suffering by travel. He was restless and miserable in Spain, and at last he came to Venezuela, to the United States—a moody, unhappy man. Here he fell in with General Miranda, to whose schemes for the liberation of South America from the galling Spanish yoke he gave ear, and proceeded with him to Venezuela, in 1810. Miranda almost at once raised the standard of revolt. The captain-general was seized and deposed at Caracas, April 19th, 1810, and a congress called to organize a new government for Venezuela.

This was the beginning of the Spanish-American Revolution, that, from that moment, went on until every colony of Spain in South America had secured its independence. But with what bloodshed, destruction, fierce passion, prolonged strife! In that wild drama, so lurid with war, Bolivar towers up as the man indicated by Providence for the chief work; the bereaved husband found in his sorrow the incentive to that other love, the love of country, that bore him through disaster, through exile, through suffering, to the fullness of triumph in the independence of all the South American colonies.

He proceeded, along with Luis Mendez, to London, at his own expense, in 1811, to interest the British Cabinet in the cause of the revolutionists; but, when war broke Britain ever known to aid in any popular cause. With loud and constant asseverations of liberty, the British nation never yet acted a disinterested and unselfish part in any struggle for freedom; but, waiting until sympathy and aid are no longer needed, or until her own selfish interests are aroused, England then comes forward to share in what others have won. This is about all there is in her "foreign policy." Bolivar returned, disappointed and disgusted, leaving Mendez to work for the revolutionary cause as best he could.

Miranda was confronted, in 1811, by a powerful royal army, under Monteverde, and after various reverses, the patriots were overcome. By some historians Miranda is accused of having betrayed his cause through a secret understanding with Great Britain. Bolivar and his copatriots adopted that view, and by their act Miranda was delivered over to Monteverde, by whom he was sent in chains to Spain, where he

soon after died in a dungeon. Bolivar received a passport and retired to Caracas, and Venezuela passed into royal hands again. All of Bolivar's vast property was sequestered, and the whole country was given over to awful reprisals. Deeds of revolting ferocity and plunder reduced the whole country to a frightful state of misery. On pretenses the most trivial old men, women and children were arrested, maimed, and massacred as rebels. One of Monteverde's officers, Colonel Suazola, cut off the ears of a great number of captives, and had them stuck in his soldiers' caps for cockades.

These terrible atrocities, so wholly characteristic of a Spanish soldiery, aroused the fires of resentment in every colony, and Bolivar, with his cousin, Colonel Paez, left their exile at Caracas to again lead the revolt. In September, 1813, he repaired to Cartagena and took a colonel's command in the patriot army of New Grenada.

With this humble command the citizen developed rapidly into the efficient leader and valiant general. He moved so rapidly and struck so valiantly as to confound the insensate royalists, who, at every point, fell before him. His chosen five hundred increased to two thousand, and with that force he deemed himself strong enough to march into his own province of Venezuela to its relief. And in he marched—the people rising to welcome him as he advanced. A second division under Ribas was formed.

In view of the atrocities practiced by Monteverde, the patriot army, swollen by thousands whose sufferings had rendered them desperate, proclaimed a decree of *guerra a muerte*—war to the death. This proclamation, dated June 18th, 1813, announced:

"The executioners who entitle themselves our enemies have beheaded thousands of our brothers, our fathers, children, friends they have buried alive in subterranean dungeons and vaults; they have immolated the President and commander of Popayan, with all their captive companions; they have perpetrated at Varinas a horrid butchery of our fellow soldiers made prisoners of war, and of our peaceful citizens; they have executed and avenged—the executioners shall be exterminated. Our oppressors compel us to a mortal struggle; they shall disappear from America; the war shall be unto death."

A dreadful alternative, but think of the provocation! Bolivar, though assenting from motives of policy, did not sign the bloody edict and did not propose to enforce it; it was against his humane disposition.

On August 4th, 1813, the liberating army was in Caracas. Monteverde, severely beaten in one pitched battle, took refuge in the sea fortress of Puerto Cabello, and Venezuela was free!

What rejoicing followed! The liberator was borne into the city on a triumphal car drawn by twelve beautiful young women of the leading families of Caracas, dressed in white, and adorned with the patriot colors, while others strewed the way with flowers. Prison doors flew open and hundreds came forth—prisoners and captives of Popayan, with all their captive companions; they have perpetrated at Varinas a horrid butchery of our fellow soldiers made prisoners of war, and of our peaceful citizens; they have executed and avenged—the executioners shall be exterminated. Our oppressors compel us to a mortal struggle; they shall disappear from America; the war shall be unto death."

Bolivar's code gave rise to charges of usurpation or imperial designs, seeing that he was also president of Colombia; and out of it grew a turbulent spirit of ambition for place and power. Again the people and Congress besought Bolivar to come forward once more, but failing health warned him that his best work was done. He had given his countrymen a country; if they could not keep it, then, indeed, had his life work been a failure.

As a last act, in December, 1831, he published to Colombians a farewell address, in which he vindicated his acts, principles, and public life, and charged upon his people ingratitude. This address was quickly followed by his death—December 17th, 1831.

These two events, coming so closely together, produced a profound sensation. Then all classes realized how deeply they had wronged him, and how much they had lost. The people, who had passed to an early grave, broken hearted, touched them like a great sorrow. Expressions of grief were general and sincere. His calamities trembled before the popular indignation. Living, he had a howling host at his heels, eager to hunt him from sight; dead, that howling host slunk away, awed and trembling before the wall of sorrow that went up over all the land.

The States he freed from the despot have lived to witness a change after change—revolution after revolution—driving one "president" from office merely to instate another. That feverish Spanish blood seems incapable of stability and submission to law. Bolivar foresaw just that danger which he provided for a life tenure of office for the president. Happy for Colombians and Peruvians—for the people of Ecuador and Bolivia—if they could be so true to the memory of Bolivar, the Father of their Country, as to respect the principle of law and order which he was his ambition to ingraft upon their republican constitutions!

Aunt Patty's Legacy.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"DINNER ready, Addie!" called Harry Atwood, as he came in from the store where he was book-keeper. "I have to go over to Jersey City after dinner to receive our fortune."

"All ready," answered Addie. "Then I suppose you have heard from the lawyers, Harry?"

"Yes, I got a note this morning, telling me our legacy was waiting, and I'd better come over at once. I hope it will be worth going after, that's all."

"Well, we know poor Aunt Patty wasn't very rich," said Addie, to pour Harry a cup of coffee, "but I do hope it will be four or five hundred dollars. Then we can buy this house, and own a home, Harry! Won't that be nice? We can do it, I know, with that much help."

"Better not count your chickens till they are hatched," was Harry's laughing answer. "But in his own heart he echoed Addie's hope, and he really thought, as it had turned out to everybody's surprise that Aunt Patty had something to leave, that they were as likely to fare well as anybody. For the crusty old man had always seemed to like them more than her other relations, and had now and then visited them, and Addie had once nursed her through a six weeks' fever, when nobody could accuse her of self-interest, because they thought Aunt Patty was as poor as themselves."

"I'll be back by supper-time," said Harry, as he went away. "Don't get too proud till I come, Addie."

Addie laughed and said she wouldn't, and she did not think of soaping the place as Aunt Patty's legacy, but then they were young, and they were poor, and they did so want to own a home, that no wonder Addie was anxious. She ran to the door several times to look for Harry, and when at last she heard him, she had it open before he could reach it.

she thought, by way of consolation, as she led the way into the sitting-room, where the old bureau was put down, the man paid and dismissed, and then Addie turned to Harry with the eager question, "Have you looked inside?"

"No," said Harry, "but here's the key."

They quickly unlocked the upper drawer, while Baby toddled up and began to pat the bureau with little gleeful laughs of fun, and Harry drew it out. A few old articles of clothing were inside, and lying upon them a small folded paper. Addie caught it up and read:

"I give this bureau and all it contains to my nephew and niece, Harry and Addie Atwood, in the hope that they may find it useful."

"PATTY BLAKE."

They lifted and looked at the things in the drawer—two or three old, thin sheets, two or three worn table-cloths and pillow-cases, and an ancient pair of Swiss muslin window-curtains, worked in turkey-red cotton, and worn into holes where they were not meant to be.

Harry and Addie looked at each other in blank dismay.

"Try another drawer," suggested Addie.

The next drawer, being tried, contained only one or two coarse, yellow muslin night-gowns and a couple of cotton night-caps—with huge ruffles, which roused Harry's mirth at once, and in the bottom drawer there was nothing but the remains of an old, black bombazine dress.

Still Addie could not give up. "Maybe there is a secret drawer somewhere—or a false bottom or something," she suggested, again; "I've read of such things!"

"Not likely," said Harry, but he pulled all the drawers clear out, examined them, pounded and thumped all the boards, and at last said:

"No use, Addie! No romance here! We've got our legacy before us!" And he broke into a laugh.

Addie was nearer crying. "Ugly old thing!" she said. "Tint of any use, nor the things in it—they are only fit for carpet rags!"

"Well, where will you have it?" asked Harry. "Put it up garret for rubbish, or in the woodshed for kindling wood, I don't care which!"

said Addie, who was unable to control her disappointment.

"Just what you can!" she added. "We didn't want her to give us anything, but since we heard she did, I've thought so much about the dear little house, Harry, I can't help feeling sorry now."

"Never mind, we'll have the house yet!" said Harry, and he was asked to look at it, as he always did. "Well, is the old trap to be banished to the garret?"

"Yes, we have all the furniture there's room for down here, and up-stairs too, and 'tis of no use what's there."

So with the assistance of Ann, the stout kitchen-maid, the old bureau was taken up to the garret, and Addie, after one more glance at the worn old things in the upper drawer, left them folded as they were, thinking if ever she made rags carpet they might do for the white stripes!

The winter came on severe, and "hard times" was everybody's complaint. Harry began to look anxious, and told Addie that he feared the house he was with had become somewhat overpriced, and he didn't know but he would come home some day out of a place.

And one day he did come, looking so grave that Addie at once asked, "Well, Harry, what is it? Lost your situation?"

"Not quite so bad as that, and maybe I ought not to grumble when it might be worse. But it's bad enough. The company had a meeting to-day, and were obliged to dismiss three of the clerks, and reduced my salary and the assistant book-keeper's one-third. That only leaves us eight hundred dollars for the next year, Addie, and I don't see how we are to pay the little May's sickness has made us, and get through the winter."

"Nor I," said Addie. "You know they promised to raise your salary next year."

"They would if they could," said Harry. "As times are now, I'm only too glad to keep my place at all. Mr. March said if I would stand by them through their pinch they would make it up to me as soon as the business pressure lightened."

"Well, half a loaf is better than no bread," said Addie. "I dare say we can contrive to worry through our own pinch, somehow, Harry."

I guess we can keep enough on hand to eat and wear, Addie, dear. There's only one thing I hate very much."

"What is that?"

"We can't pay the rent of this house any longer. We'll have to find a cheaper one somewhere."

"Oh, Harry! I'm so sorry! You know we have always looked forward to buying this some day! And we like the neighborhood so much."

"I'm sorry too, but we can't help it, Addie. Perhaps we may own it yet, some day. But for the present we must hunt a cheap little place somewhere, and do the best we can. I'll look out for a chance before the month is up, and maybe we won't have to go very far out for a while."

"I'll not. Your walk is long enough now," sighed Addie. But both she and Harry knew that the only cheap houses were away out on the new streets, far away from the heart of the city and all its privileges.

Addie was very sad, for she loved their dear little home, and could not bear to leave it. But she saw that it must be done, or get into debt, of which both Harry and herself had a perfect horror, and which they were resolved not to do.

Addie offered to give Ann up and do the work herself, but this Harry would not hear of as long as it was possible to keep her.

"Housemaids are cheaper than doctors," he said, "so Ann must not be discharged at present."

Christmas drew near, and then, especially, Addie felt the need of means. "I always have given Harry a Christmas present, every year since we were married," she said to herself, "and I can't give it up. But I can't ask him for money now. What shall I do? I haven't time to go to any outside work to make money, or any to do, if I had time. I haven't any jewelry to sell, and—Oh! Addie was looking over the advertisements in a paper, as she mused, and her eye fell upon a notice of a second-hand furniture sale.

"That horrible old bureau up garret!" she cried. "It won't bring much, I know, but then it will be enough for a simple Christmas present, and the old trap has never done any good yet! This says, 'Old-fashioned furniture bought, sold, or exchanged.' The very place I want! I'll send the bureau down there by the very first express wagon I see, and I'll go up and get it ready. It will be worth something if it helps me to give Harry and May one Christmas present! I won't feel quite so poor if I can do that."

She threw down her paper, glanced at little May to see that she was sleeping soundly in her crib tucked the warm quilt snugly around her, and wrapping a shawl about her own shoulders, went to the garret to empty the drawers of the old bureau, smiling as she remembered her disappointment when Aunt Patty's legacy was first brought to sight.

But her smile changed to a sigh as she thought, "If it only had been something worth having! What is it so much the worse?"

She began at the lower drawer, and took out the old moth-eaten, bombazine dress, and laid it upon a chair. Then followed the short night-gowns, and the ancient night-caps, at which Addie laughed again. Then she opened the upper drawer, and took out the worn table-cloths.

"Let me see," she said, shaking one out of the folds; "Ann needs some new dish-towels—I might make some of these. Pretty thin, but they'll do, I guess. I'll take them down when I go. She laid them aside, and took up the sheets.

"This one is not as worn as I thought," she said. "I might use it, now times are so scarce. Let's look at another." She took up the second sheet, and the pile—there were only three—and unfolded it.

A yellow envelope fell out upon the floor.

"What's that?" said Addie, picking it up. Upon the outside, in Aunt Patty's own odd,

cramped hand, was written, "For my nephew and niece, Harry and Addie, for their kindness to a cross old woman."

"Oh! my goodness gracious!" panted Addie, dropping into a chair, weak as a child. She let the envelope lie in her lap for a minute or two before she had strength in her nerveless fingers to open it.

Then she tore it carefully apart; something came out wrapped in this white paper; this was quickly unfolded—well, it was only some greenish, greenish stripe of paper that Addie held in her trembling fingers, but they stood for just two thousand dollars, and it looked almost as large as a million just now! Upon the bit of white paper was written in the same cramped hand:

"Banks break and lawyers steal, but I'll trust Providence to help you find this when you need it worst."

Just then Addie heard a cheery whistle downstairs. She went to the door.

"Harry! come up here! Three steps at a time!" she called.

Her voice told Harry that nothing was wrong, so he came bounding up the stairs, and in Addie's happy hands he found, at last, Aunt Patty's legacy.

Harry and Addie did not leave the pretty cottage they loved so well, but Addie kept the deed for it safely locked in the drawer of the old bureau in her own bedroom.

TO AN OLD SLIPPER.

BY HUGH HOWARD.

Up in a dusty attic nook I find you lying:
You bear a most familiar look, there's no denying.
Before you I walked the sands of time for any distance.

I know you in the brilliant prime of your existence,
About the heel you're trodden low, your men is faded;
That scurrier scurrier upon your toe is sadly faded.

Yet thinking of your vigor, old, I'm a slinger,
You've done good service in your day, if ever shoe did!

Matilda was a blushing bride when first she wrought you;
With widely love and widely pride to me she brought you.

I will recall my outer glow, not less than inner;
It's fully forty years ago, as I'm a slinger,
Matilda now is sixty-three, while I'm still older;
And time's put chalk in either knee, bowed either shoulder.

And made, old slipper, I opine, since last it quit you,
This gnarled and gouty foot of mine too big to fit you!

There's John, my son, to think that he is almost fifty;
And daughter Kate has grown to be a matron thrifty;
With people elderly and gray they'll soon be ranking,
Yet here's the slipper from which they got many a spanking!

Ripples.

How to take life easy—be careless with coal oil.

"Her Face is a Garden of Flowers," is the title of a new song; but "flowers" is evidently a misprint for "flour."

A cynical lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold—very easily caught, but very hard to get rid of.

"I say, wife, I'm glad this coffee doesn't owe me anything." "Why, my dear?" "Because it would never settle."

"That's the only wedding trip I shall probably ever take," said an old bachelor, as he stumbled over a bride's train.

We have just heard that seventy new styles of bonnets will be introduced. What a wearing time this season will be!

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a seedy coat, even though you are in company with one who is rich, and richly attired.

Mr. Passenunza was arrested in Memphis on Monday for fighting, and had to pass a miserable night in the calabosses in consequence.

The young lady who wants to drown herself about these days should be careful to bundle up warm and take along a hot brick, as the water is very cold.

At a fair in Fall River a saw and saw-horse awarded to the fastest man in town were given back by the recipient, who declared himself too lazy to carry them home.

A gentleman, wishing not long since to "pop the question," took up the young lady's cat, and said: "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady: "Say yes, pussy."

Grace Greenwood speaks of the unpleasant odor from the hair of a woman named Damon and Pythias. It may be true that his head is offensive, but the rest of the laboring man is sweet.

An English paper believes that the time will come when rules will bray as sweetly as the nightingale sings. Nothing is impossible with nature, and so the time when an Englishman will drop his h's.

"Handsome is that handsome does," quoted a Chicago man to his wife the other day. "Yes," replied she, in a winning tone, as she held out her hands, "for instance, a husband who is always ready to handsome money to his wife."

Two young brothers may be as devotedly attached to each other as were Damon and Pythias, but you will never hear of one snatching the scuttlion from the hands of the other, and insisting upon going down cellar to bring up the coal.

As a stern-wheel steambot was passing up the Ohio river the other day, a little girl who was standing on the hotel stoop, ran into the house to her mother and said: "Mother, mother, come and look at this steambot—it's got a bustle on."

"Oh, mamma, that s Captain Jones' knock! I know he has come to ask me to be his wife!" "Well, my dear, you must accept him." "But I don't," she said, "because I don't like him. I do so much the more to like to be his mother-in-law."

Revenge is sweet, especially to women.

Edwin—"And now, darling, before we part, how are we to keep our marriage a profound secret?" Angelina—(promptly). "Nothing is easier, Edwin, dear. You have only to behave to me as you have always done, and nobody will suspect it."

A woman, hearing a great deal about "pre serving autumn leaves," concluded to put up a jar of them! She told a neighbor the other day that she didn't think they would ever be fit to eat, and that she might just as well have thrown her sugar away.

An exchange says that the champion scholar has turned up. Being asked to sign his initials to a document, he wanted to know "what initials were." "Why, your name being George Gould, you want two G's." "Oh, I see," he said, and he wrote "G. Geze."

The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man of one's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, desponding and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts do.

They had been engaged a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look, love," he exclaimed, "only \$15 for a suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he replied, "it is a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied.

A little schoolgirl asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." The teacher replied that it meant "the world." Some days afterwards the teacher asked the geography class to which this little "bud of promise" belonged.

"What is a zone?" After some hesitation, this little girl brightened up and replied, "I know; it's a belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."